

# MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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## CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

"Something has evidently befallen the rascally Brahmin since night closed in. What did you conclude was the matter?" he asks.

"Well, I thought the fellow had evidently been barking up the wrong tree," says Sandy, solemnly.

This time Grimes laughs aloud. "Good guess, my boy. He owes the goose-egg on his forehead, the halt in his gait and the bandaged arm to some one we know."

"Ten to one it was that Mynheer Joe!" exclaimed the correspondent quickly.

"Go up head, young man. You are an ornament to the guessing class. Sure enough, it was our Joseph who handled the Thug without gloves. The beast was on a mission for his master, and was thrown through the window by the messenger from Khartoom."

Of course Sandy pricks his ears up at this chance for a sensation, and plies the other with questions, which Mr. Grimes answers to the best of his ability. The story is soon told, and followed by what he has, this morning, seen the baron do—exercise his skill with sword and revolver, as though there is work ahead.

"As sure as you live, it's going to be nip and tuck between these two yet. I'm ready to bet on Joe, but I admit the case is awfully doubtful, with that human devil against him. Still, Joe's star of luck has never yet deserted him. He's the only foreigner to come out of Khartoom alive. Let us hope and pray he will finally outwit that baron and carry off the prize."

Sandy has never been more earnest in all his life, and if something would only come up whereby he could show his friendship he stands ready to chip in, no matter what the cost.

Thus Joe's friends talk over matters and endeavor to discover some way whereby the explorer can be benefited. They feel sure the baron has made up his mind to push matters to the wall, and that he will not hesitate about the means he employs.

If Joe is challenged, of course he may have the choice of weapons, time and place. He can, therefore, make the best of the bargain. The one thing they fear is that the baron may arrange it so that the insult comes from him. Well, if so, Joe will probably avenge it on the spot, and not dream of sending in a challenge.

Thus they draw consolation from the situation and hope for the best.

Where can Joe have taken himself to? They fail to find anything of him, nor do they see Tanner and his daughter. This delay is not to Sandy's liking, as he is anxious to send a telegram to the city on the Mediterranean, engaging his passage for India, and frets under the lapse of time.

The morning has gone and the afternoon with it.

It is evening when the two friends run across Tanner in the hotel—Tanner, who greets them in his usual boisterous manner, as he does all his friends.

Sandy sees his opportunity and makes the best possible use of it. He asks the orator his intentions about travel, and hints at how nice it would be if all of them could go on the same steamer to India, which proposition quite takes the other by storm.

Making inquiries as to date of sailing and a few other things, Tanner figures on his own plans, and then announces that Sandy may include himself and daughter in the party.

"How about Mynheer Joe?"

"You'll have to see him personally," returns the orator, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, as though he can make a pretty good guess that the party mentioned will not be far away when they leave Alexandria.

"Where may he be found?" asks Sandy.

"Think I know. You see a party of English officers and leading men were bound to fete the brave boy who came from Khartoom with the last news of poor Gordon. They took him over to the barracks, where a spread had been ordered. I was asked to go, but Molly would be waiting for me at the hotel here, and as I am a dutiful parent and never disappoint her, I gave up the idea."

Sandy has a cloud on his brow.

"How long ago since the party went in?"

"More than half an hour, I reckon," replies Tanner, consulting his time-piece.

"They must have reached the wine and cigars."

"Very probably."

"Mr. Tanner, was the baron present?"

"Certainly. That man is everywhere." It is evident that he does not bear malice against the baron, or at least fails to show it.

Sandy and Mr. Grimes exchange glances.

"It will be done there?" says the latter.

"No doubt of it, sir," replies the correspondent.

"What's all this about?" asks Tanner, noticing their peculiar nods and glances.

"We're off to see if Joe goes with us or stays in Cairo."

And with the words the two friends leave Tanner, heading for the barracks.

As they reached the door of this institution, loud voices are heard, excitement seems to reign, and the colonel can be heard exclaiming:

"Gentlemen, remember you are under a military roof! Reserve all demonstrations until we separate!"

## CHAPTER XII.

"WITH SWORDS—AN HOUR AFTER SUN-RISE!"

The words are deeply significant and Sandy clutches his companion's arm;

the look exchanged between the two denotes that they understand the true inwardness of this affair; it hardly needs the glance they take into the mess-room to corroborate their suspicions.

It is a scene they will never forget as long as they live. A dozen or more officers and gentlemen have been at the table; the cloth is removed and cigars and wine served. At one side of the Colonel stands Mynheer Joe, the hero of Khartoom; he holds an empty wine-glass in his hand, while upon his face can be seen a contemptuous look. His eyes are bent across the table.

Nearly opposite to him is the baron. With a snowy handkerchief he wipes the wine from his face; it has also discolored his shirt-front where blazes a wonderful diamond, worth a small fortune.

Sandy observes his face and discovers hardly a trace of anger there; indeed, from the sardonic smile one would imagine that this incident is just what the Russian duelist has played for.

Returning the soiled kerchief to his pocket, he coolly tosses his card across the table in the direction of Mynheer Joe.

"You will speedily hear from me, sir," he says, with cutting emphasis. "The sooner the better, baron! Remember, I leave on Saturday's steamer," returns the American, while the officers look astounded; for, brave men though they are, there is not one among them who would care to be in Joe's shoes.

The Russian bows and leaves the room; he can no longer remain at the table with the man who has thus publicly insulted him, and as Mynheer Joe is the guest of the occasion, it becomes his duty to depart from the mess-table.

Sandy is joined by one of the officers, a fine young fellow, who has taken quite a fancy to the war correspondent. The latter declares it will be his pleasant duty to see Hans Fletcher become a general some day. He has the greatest faith in his dashing qualities.

"Tell us, how did this ugly affair come about?" he asks, eagerly, for those at the mess-table appear to have forgotten it in listening to Joe's glowing story of Gordon's death.

"Willingly—what little I know," replies the British officer. "I was at the other end of the table and failed to distinctly catch the full meaning of the baron's insult."

"Then he brought it on purposely, as I supposed."

"We suspect as much, though his reason is not plain. Perhaps you gentlemen know it?"

"The same old story—rivals in love."

"Ah! That's the truth of it, eh?"

"Was the baron's remark about Miss Tanner?"

"I am glad to say it was not. From the little I heard, I believe it concerned Mynheer Joe's country—some insulting allusion to the flag that covers our cousins across the water."

"Good! And Joe resented it, as any true American would, no matter if his death was a foregone conclusion," says Sandy, hotly.

"But, you see, it's a serious thing to bring on a row at the Colonel's mess-table."

"And a still more serious thing to be publicly insulted there. The Colonel should have seen to it that only gentlemen were invited and not the miserable hound who thinks his title of baron can cover up all his iniquities."

The lieutenant glances rather nervously around, hoping no friend of the baron would overhear what is being said by the fiery little correspondent, or there may be a double duel on the tapis.

"Honestly, now, lieutenant, if you had been at the mess-table of a German regiment, an invited and honored guest, and this man should say exactly the same against your flag what he did against our stars and stripes, what would have been your action?" pursues Sandy.

The officer bites his military moustache.

"Really, my dear fellow, you have me. There would be but one course for me to pursue, and that to cast his slur in his teeth, as a brave man like Mynheer Joe has done."

"Exactly! I knew it! Then blame him no more, but rather honor his daring. When this cur had given the insult—what then?"

"Every eye was turned on Mynheer Joe, for we all understood what was meant. I saw him shut his teeth hard, but only a slight frown passed over his bronzed face. Leaning over the table, he looked the baron full in the eye and said calmly: 'I return the compliment, baron. That flag could never wave over the land that harbors a Siberia!' And quick as a flash he emptied his wine-glass full into the other's face."

Sandy's face glows with enthusiasm. He is proud of his countryman. A few more such men as Mynheer Joe scattered about the world would cause a greater respect for the stars and stripes among the nations of Europe. He looks at the explorer, and does not see that Joe is impressed with the danger into which he has been thus drawn by circumstances.

"I have great confidence in his ability, and his lucky star seems in the ascendant," he remarks, at which the officer says in a low tone: "Privately, between us, Sandy, I earnestly hope he will do the baron. Besides the regard we feel for him as a cousin from across the water and the man who avenged Gordon, you understand that we have no love for the Russian, whose mission to India we can suspect."

"Yes, and it's my private opinion that when he runs up against Joe he'll wish he had taken some other course."

It is a good thing to have a san-

guine friend, but Sandy does not deceive himself. He knows what the other has to face as well as Mr. Grimes, who watched the baron wield a sword and shot with him at a target.

Mynheer Joe presently excuses himself from the company. They understand his going, and do not wonder at it. Any man who may be called upon at sunrise to face the Russian duelist would be a fool to stupefy his senses by lingering at a banquet table.

He is immediately joined by Sandy and the pseudo silver king, and the three walk out under the stars to talk. Joe is soon informed with regard to all that Mr. Grimes has learned.

The three presently bring up at the gymnasium, for it is the wish of the latter gentleman that the explorer shall show what he can do, so a comparison may be drawn and a decision rendered as to what Joe's course must be when he receives the challenge expected.

A very few persons are present. Mr. Grimes speaks to the man in charge, and they are made welcome as friends of the officers. The same professor with whom the baron played is present, and with pleasure he agrees to fence with the American, no doubt believing he will have a chance to recover his prestige, lost in the bout with the baron that day.

When Mynheer Joe takes off his coat and vest and puts a belt around his waist he is ready for the affair. Upon his feet he has drawn a pair of rubber foot-holds that will keep him from slipping.

He bares his right arm, and Sandy sees the professor glance at his superb biceps as though pleased. Then the man of foils takes his wrist and feels it.

"A wonderful arm, monsieur," he says, with kindling eyes. "With practice you should be a magnificent swordsman."

"So old Duval used to tell me," replies Joe.

"Ah, sacre! You take lessons from him, your greatest master in Paris. Perhaps I shall not be able to have ze revenge after all."

Meanwhile Joe rolls up his left shirt sleeve in the same way, an action the professor regards with concern, but which Mr. Grimes takes to mean what he has fondly hoped.

"Ready, professor?"

The foils click and begin to writhe like snakes, passing in and out with the rapidity of thought. Sandy and Mr. Grimes stand near by. They have a deeper interest in this engagement than appears on the surface.

After looking on for a minute, Mr. Grimes heaves a sigh of relief.

"He'll do, Sandy. I'll stake my life on him, even against the Russian. Watch that magnificent play of the wrist. Heavens! I've seen a man wield a sword before, but never like that. Hark! What does he say—that he finds himself rusty and sluggish. Deuce take it, what can he do when in trim, then? Note the poor professor. He actually looks scared. His revenge doesn't pan out very well, does it? I think I'll have to give him a turn myself to make him feel good."

Thus the usually taciturn Mr. Grimes rattles on, while Sandy can hardly keep quiet.

"Jove! He tosses his weapon into his left hand. Again he is at the professor like a tiger. The poor devil has had the button against his heart a dozen times. What d'ye think of that left-handed play, old fellow?" laughs Sandy.

His companion squeezes his hand, for once, showing excitement.

"I feel as jolly as if an old uncle had died and left me his fortune. The baron will meet his match. It will be a royal battle. No danger of our Joe getting hurt. Yes, no matter how well he uses the firearms, I shall recommend swords. The other way both may be killed; here, wounds are more possible. Swords are gentlemen's weapons, truly. Look! He hunts the professor—he has him utterly demoralized—he throws down his foil and holds up his hand! Enough, gentlemen!"

It is as Mr. Grimes has said. The Frenchman has been rattled until he can no longer use his weapon. He laughs good-naturedly.

"Monsieur must have his little joke. He is rusty this night. What of me?" he exclaims, shaking Joe's hand.

[To be Continued.]

**Dangerous Spot on the Ocean.** Belle Isle Strait is by far the most treacherous part of the North Atlantic route. The coast of Labrador projects into the ocean like a barrier against the flinging tides; and when the baffled current finds resistance suddenly removed, when the narrow straits open between Newfoundland and Labrador, the waters torn in with the sidling motion that creates the beam sea so hateful to all landmen.

The strength of the inebriating current simply cannot be calculated or counteracted by any mariner. It is within the straits vary from nine to forty miles; and when the brownish fog never absent from the northern horizon spreads southward, obscuring every landmark, it is impossible for any captain to keep up speed and retain his bearings. He may refer to his chart as often as he pleases and tell himself, "Thus and thus have we come, and here is the place we are," and yet he may have betrayed him in spite of his calculations, and be many be at least a hundred miles off of his course.

**A Sail in a Volcano.** In the Aegean Sea a vessel may sail into the top of a crater, and though it is hard to find anchorage there, yet a more sail through is appreciated greatly by the captains, because it cleanses the bottom of the ship from marine growth. The submarine crater has been more or less active for at least 2000 years, and has been constantly throwing out streams of sulphur. The sea for miles around is charged with the sulphur, and the water has the curious property of completely cleaning the copper bottom of any vessel, no matter how thickly coated with marine growth.

The gross postal receipts at fifty of the largest postoffices for the month of July aggregated \$3,338,658, a net increase of \$253,392 over July, 1890.

## THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City.—Popular and generally becoming as the Eton jackets are they do not suit all figures and there is a demand for the little cutaway that



WOMAN'S JACKET.

closes but does not lap, and that extends slightly below the waist line.

The admirable May Mantion model illustrated is adapted to covert cloth, as well as to black or tan broadcloth, as well as the black cheviot of which the original is made. As shown the revers are faced with Louisiana moire and the trimming is a simple black passementerie, but simple stitching is sufficient or a band of stitched cloth or silk can be used as a finish.

The fronts are fitted with single farts and are turned back to form the revers. The back is seamed at the centre, to ensure a curve at the waist line, and includes side-backs and under-arm gores. The neck is finished with a pointed Aiglon collar that extends across the back and fronts to meet the revers. The sleeves are in bishop style with straight band cuffs.

To cut this jacket for a woman of

plenty of combs and ornaments for her hair without going into any of the precious metals. There is the ever handsome and ever useful shell, amber, which is beautiful with some tresses—not least frequently with blonde—and last, and this is a new departure, there is jet. Jet is appearing in fancy combs, pins and ornaments for the hair, which are exceedingly pretty. The backs of the combs are usually cut; they are of the shapes that are to be found in the other combs, and certainly they are attractive. There are very pretty ornaments of this cut jet. Sometimes they appear in the form of a bird and in other forms, which are pretty but nameless.

**Iridescent Gray.**

Iridescent gray is the name applied to the color which is principally of a light gray tone, but which shades away into clear light pink and pale green. The rose-colored and lettuce green tints give a shimmering play of color. It is seen in taffetas. This is a good choice for a gown for wear of summer afternoons.

**Desirable Linen Collars.**

Linen collars with the little turn-over collar of embroidered lawn are very desirable when broad ribbons are worn around the neck. The small collar prevents the ribbon from slipping up against the neck and becoming soiled, as it will with once wearing without it.

**Popular Costume For Girls.**

No summer fabric known is daintier or launders more successfully than Persian lawn. The charming little May Mantion costume shown illustrates the material trimmed with cream Valenciennes insertion and with yoke of all-over inserted tucking and is essentially smart as well as childlike and simple. All white is held in high favor and is always lovely in order, batiste, Swiss muslin and the like, as well as the lawn, but figured and colored materials are equally well suited to the design as are simple silk and wool materials.

The waist is made in baby style and is full at the edge of the yoke and



PEASANT WAIST AND PRINCESS SKIRT.

medium size two and one eighth yards of material forty-four inches wide or one and three-quarter yards fifty inches wide will be required.

**A Fetching Gown.**

The princess skirt has taken a recognized place among the styles for young girls as well as those designed for their elders. It is excellent for gowns of all sorts but lends itself to the odd skirt for wear with peasant and shirt waists, and to the bolero or Eton suit with singular success. All the season's materials, silk, wool and linen, are appropriate, and are used, but the May Mantion original shown in the large drawing is made from Princess crepe in soft pastel tan, and is trimmed with applique bands of Persian embroidery in the duller "old" tones, and is worn with a peasant bodice of cream silk mull.

The skirt is cut in five gores and is fitted over the hips by means of darts that run to the upper edge of the bodice portion. The fulness at the waist is laid in an inverted pleat that corrects the snug fit essential to correct style and provides ample folds and flare at the lower portion. At the lower edge is a shaped circular flounce that adds greatly to the effect, but which can be omitted when the skirt is desired plain. The bodice portion is pointed back and front and includes straps that are worn over the shoulders and serve to hold it in place.

To cut this skirt for a miss of fourteen years of age eight and one-half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, seven and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide, six and one-half yards thirty-two inches wide or four and a half yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

To cut this waist for a miss of fourteen years of age three and five-eighths yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and a half yards thirty-two inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, with one yard of silk or velvet twenty-one inches wide for girle and collar, will be required.

**Ornaments For the Hair.**

A woman can have an infinite va-

again at the waist line, while the graceful frill, forming a bertha, outlines the low round neck. As shown the full portion is made over a body lining which is cut away under the yoke, but such details must be varied to suit the material and the occasion. The sleeves are in elbow length and terminate in graceful frills. The collar is of moderate depth and, like the yoke, is unlined.

The skirt is finished with a deep



COSTUME FOR A GIRL.

frill at the lower edge and is laid in tucks at the belt to give the fashionable yoke effect.

To cut this costume for a girl of eight years of age seven yards of material twenty-one inches wide, five and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or four yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with three-eighths yards of inserted tucking for yoke and seventeen yards of lace insertion to trim as illustrated.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MAY 26.

Subject: The Holy Spirit Given, Acts II, 1-11—Golden Text, John xvi, 13—Memory Verses, 1-4—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

1. "Day of Pentecost." The meaning of Pentecost is "fiftieth." It occurred fifty days after the Passover, and was the end of the three yearly feasts held by the Jews. The resurrection was upon a Sunday from the resurrection, therefore it was also on Sunday. "Fully come." The day began at the previous sunset, and this would suggest an hour on the fiftieth day. They knew a great blessing was to come upon them, but how or when they did not know. Thus they were best led to watch and pray, to open their minds to the truth, to be bound together in love, and to seek the Lord with all their hearts, trusting Him for the fulfillment of the promise.

2. "Probably the 120 spoken of in Acts I, 15, who were gathered together at the election of Matthias." With one exception there was no person uninterested, none unconcerned, none lukewarm; all were in earnest, and the Spirit of God came down to meet their united faith and prayer. "In one place." The upper room. Acts I, 13. At the time of Hadrian's visit to Jerusalem, then for the most part in ruins, there was still entire the upper church, the scene of the apostles in which Cyril of Jerusalem ministered, A. D. 348. It is God's plan to have His people meet together in His name (Heb. 10: 25; Matt. 18: 20), and those who through negligence or when wise, absent themselves from the company of the saints will suffer great spiritual loss.

3. "Suddenly." Unexpectedly, in a moment, not gradually, and generally rise. "A sound." The suddenness, strength and diffusiveness of the sound strike with deepest awe the whole company, and thus complete their preparation for the heavenly gift. Wind was a familiar emblem of the Spirit. Ezek. 37: 9; John 3: 8; 20: 22. But this was not a rush of actual wind. It was only a sound, "as of it." It filled the house. The sound was heard by all. To an upper room the Spirit came, a plain unfurnished room, where there was no ritual, no priest, no burnt offering, no sign of incense.

4. "There appeared." After the audible sign immediately follows the visible. "Cloven tongues." The tongues of fire parted themselves off, like branches from one source, and distributed themselves among them. This was the baptism of fire which John had promised (Matt. 3: 11); the fire on earth, which the Lord Jesus had longed to see kindled. Luke 12: 49. The tongues were the emblem of the languages they were to speak. The cloven tongues pointed out the diversity of the languages, and the fire seemed to intimate that the whole would be a spiritual gift and be the means of bringing light and life to the souls who should hear them pronounced in their own languages.

"Like as of fire." The fire indicated: 1. The penetrating power of the word of God. 2. The joy, gladness, and enthusiasm. 3. Leaping, triumphant, transforming energy. 4. The restless purifying which consumes the errors and burns up evil. 5. All the comfort, cheer, life, joy, blessing which the Holy Spirit could impart. "It sat." There were as many flames as there were persons and they sat upon them for some time to show the constant residence of the Holy Spirit with them. The Spirit henceforth was to abide in the church, and hold His throne and seat there, as the Shekinah in the Holy of Holies of old, and as the spirit of life abides in our houses, the organizing, controlling, life-giving power.

5. "Were all filled." Not only touched or made aware of the presence of the Holy Ghost, but filled with the love and power of God. The same measure and the same gifts of the Spirit were not bestowed on all alike; nevertheless, each was filled with the great life-giving, transforming, purifying power of the Spirit which corresponded to his capacity. "With the Holy Spirit." (R. V.) The Holy Spirit was not now for the first time given to men, for the Old Testament repeatedly makes mention of His influence on the minds of the prophets and others (compare, also, Luke 1: 15, 41, 67); but He is now given in abundance and power, thus time the hearts of the disciples were purified by faith. "Began to speak." The speech that publishes the glad tidings of the gospel should be a tongue of fire. He who speaks the gospel coldly has not himself felt its power. When the preacher's heart is kindled his words will burn. Enthusiasm instead of being a blemish in a Christian is his normal condition. "Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" these two have been joined together by the word of God, and they should never be put asunder in the practice of men. The difference between one man and another is the difference of fire. "With other tongues." Their tongues were new with respect to language as well as to thoughts. "Gave utterance." Furnished them with the words as well as the language.

6. "Dwelling at Jerusalem." Both permanent residence and pilgrims, who had come up to the feast, are probably included, verse 10. At this time there was scarcely a commercial trade under heaven where the Jews had not been scattered, and from all these nations, it is said, there were persons now present at Jerusalem. The wide list of countries mentioned in Peter's sermon (Acts 2: 14-36), carried back the gospel to the different homes, and were afterward confirmed in the faith by the epistle of James, addressed to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad, or are in the Diaspora.

7. "When this sound was heard." (R. V.) The sound that came from the upper room. "Confounded." Perplexed, failing to understand what it all meant. Verse 12. "Ova languages." Or dialects; they heard even the different dialects. See v. 8.

8. "Galileans." Persons wholly uneducated, consequently, ignorant of those languages which they now speak so fluently.

9. "Parthians." For an explanation of the names in this and the following verses see dictionary.

10. "Proselytes." Heathen who had accepted the Jewish religion. "Concerning Jesus." His death, resurrection and ascension and His power to save men from sin.

**Hunt For a Missing Vegetable Link.**

Botanical experts from Harvard University and the University of Chicago will go to Margarita Island, off the coast of Venezuela, in search of the missing link of the vegetable world, according to a statement made by Professor John M. Coulter, of the University of Chicago. In tracing the evolution of plant life, scientists both at Chicago and Harvard found a gap which could be explained only by the existence of a plant as yet undiscovered. Circumstances pointed to the probability of finding such a plant on Margarita Island, which never has been explored by scientific men.

**Kaiser Losing Self-Control.**

Emperor William, besides perusing upward of two score of German papers, glances every day at two French journals, two English, one American and three Austrian. Dietrich Weiland's attack upon Emperor William in Bremen still weighs heavily upon the Kaiser, who, whenever he comes to talk upon the subject, is said to lose his self-control. Count von Ballestrem is reported to have told friends recently that he had been highly shocked by the Emperor's extreme excitement when discussing the question.

**The Importation of Bananas.**

Upward of \$8,000,000 worth of bananas from the West Indian and Central American plantations are eaten in the United States every year. The Island of Jamaica alone sends to this country 4,000,000 bunches annually.

**Fires 116 Shots a Minute.**

New automatic revolvers for the United States Army are capable of firing 116 shots a minute.

## GOD'S MESSAGE TO MAN

PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST PROPHETS.

The New England Daughter—Painful Accuracy—The Sacredness of Common Things—Regard for One's Neighbor—Paul's Life-Companion—A Glean.

Silent at the post of service, still calm and her guard hands. Goos the last trusted dear one. The New England daughter stands. Ask not who will teach her courage. Or the gathering shades dispel. Ask not who her age will lighten; She has done her duty well.

Sons there are, whose rising fortunes. In the newer West shine fair. They have left the father, mother. To the daughter's tender care. Love has passed her by unburdened. Prizes she has put aside; But the old home voices call her. With a summons ne'er denied.

When the filial tasks are ended, The place for her is clear. Ah, the still New England homesteads. That one lonely life inter! She will tend her flowers in summer; And, when winter days are drear, In the north's wind's busy tumult. Ghostly voices she will hear.

Up and down the quiet valleys, On the hillside, by the sea, Nestling 'neath the village shade-trees, Wait these homes for you and me. We can see them as we journey. In the darkness gleams their light; And we know of life's lone triumph. As we fare on through the night. —Rev. Edward F. Hayward, in Christian Register.

**Painful Accuracy.**

A habit of accuracy is of the utmost importance, and mothers ought to insist upon truthfulness in their children. But occasionally one comes across a person who lays undue stress upon trifles. If you start to tell a story, she interrupts you to say that it was Wednesday, not Monday, as you had previously stated. You can see them as we journey. In the darkness gleams their light; And we know of life's lone triumph. As we fare on through the night. —Rev. Edward F. Hayward, in Christian Register.

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